

# Gal Costa - London, London

tom:

G

I'm wandering round and round, nowhere to  
Go  
I'm lonely in London, London is lovely so  
I cross the streets without fear  
Everybody keeps the way clear  
I know I know no one here to say hello  
I know they keep the way clear  
I am lonely in London without fear  
I'm wandering round and round, nowhere to  
Go  
While my eyes go looking for flying saucers  
In the sky  
Oh Sunday, Monday, Autumn pass by me  
And people hurry on so peacefully  
A group approaches a policeman  
He seems so pleased to please them  
It's good at least, to live, and I agree  
He seems so pleased, at least

And it's so good to live in peace  
And Sunday, Monday, years, and I agree  
While my eyes go looking for flying saucers  
In the sky  
I choose no face to look at, choose no way  
I just happen to be here, and it's ok  
Green grass, blue eyes, grey sky  
God bless silent pain and happiness  
I came around to say yes, and I say  
But my eyes go looking for flying saucers  
In the sky  
Yes my eyes go looking for flying saucers  
In the sky  
While my eyes go looking for flying saucers  
In the sky  
Oh my eyes go looking for flying saucers in  
The sky  
Yes my eyes go looking for flying saucers  
In the sky

## Acordes

